



SOCIETY FOR IRISH CHURCH MISSIONS.

REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS AT THE SECOND ANNUAL MEETING,

Held on the 2nd of May, 1851.

THE Anniversary Meeting of this Society took place on Friday, the 2nd of May, at Exeter Hall. The Earl of Harrowby was in the chair; and on the platform were the Duke of Manchester; the Earl of Roden; Viscount Bernard, M.P.; Lord Radstock; G. A. Hamilton, Esq., M.P.; J. P. Plumptre, Esq., M.P.; John Dean Paul, Esq.; Hon. Captain Maude; Sir Digby Mackworth, Bart.; Admiral Vernon Harcourt; Colonel Alexander; J. C. Colquhoun, Esq.; E. H. Frewen, Esq.; Sir John Warrender, Bart.; W. H. Peters, Esq.; James Heald, Esq., M.P.; Hyacinth D'Arcy, Esq.; A. Lefroy, Esq.; John Bridges, Esq.; Colonel Powney; Colonel Williams; J. B. Clarke, Esq.; Captain Dyer, R.N.; John Bockett, Esq.; John Knott, Esq.; the Bishop of Cashel; the Bishop of Bombay; the Archdeacon of Waterford; Revs. W. Le Poer Trench, Hugh Stowell, John Gregg, J. C. Miller, A. R. C. Dallas, R. Bickersteth, J. S. Jenkinson, J. Haldane Stewart, E. D. Wickham, W. Harrison, C. Bowen, C. Smalley, B. Plumptre, J. Rashdale, J. W. Reeve, T. Nolan, — Craig, T. Tate, Sir C. R. Knighton, Bart., E. Auriol, W. Wilkinson, W. W. Robinson, J. Olive, C. O. Mayne, C. Deedes, Alfred Hill, W. Knight, J. Ridgway, Daniel Foley, and C. Ash.

A prayer for the Divine blessing having been offered up by the Rev. ROBERT BICKERSTETH,

His Grace the Duke of MANCHESTER moved that the Earl of HARROWBY do take the chair, which was carried unanimously; and the noble Earl having taken the chair accordingly,

The CHAIRMAN said,—Ladies and Gentlemen, if you will allow me, I will make a little alteration in our usual course of proceedings, by calling on the Rev. Mr. Dallas to read the Report, before any other observations are offered to you; and when you hear the statements in that Report, I think you will agree with me, that the course I propose will prepare us the most fitly for the general business of the day. (Hear, hear.)

The Rev. A. R. C. DALLAS then proceeded to read the Report.

The CHAIRMAN then rose and said,—Ladies and Gentlemen, I think you will agree that I was not much mistaken in deeming it more desirable that the proceedings of the Meeting should commence with a full account of the transactions of the Society since the last Meeting, rather than by any address to your sympathies which might be offered to you by one who, however anxious he may be for the prosperity of the Society, has not been personally and practically concerned in those transactions. I am sure many topics must have suggested themselves to you while listening to the Report you have just heard read; and I feel also, that when you are thinking of the best method of repelling that aggression on our shores which has awakened so deep an interest in every Protestant breast and English heart, that you have been carried along to that conclusion of the Report, which tells you that the best and most effective method is to carry the war into the enemy's country. (Applause.) It is an old maxim of civil warfare, to annoy the enemy in his

own quarters ; and you all recollect that in the great struggle between the two great Republics of antiquity, Rome and Carthage, when the question arose whether the enemy could be best encountered when surrounding the walls of the city, or whether it would be more advisable to carry the war into his own country, and attack him in his lair ; you all remember the successful policy of the great general of the Roman Republic in abandoning, comparatively unprotected, his own hearth, in order to make the enemy tremble in his home.

We may observe the wisdom of that policy in its general principle, not only by a contemplation of the events of antiquity, but by directing our observation to facts around us. You may all recollect that the great hope of the late leader of the Roman Catholics here, (the late Mr. O'Connell,) was in the influence the Irish Roman Catholic emigrants distributed about this country would gradually exercise in the diffusion of their religion, and amongst the agencies of the late Papal aggression none has been more influential. I will not say it has been the only one which has exercised influence, for we have had to lament the presence of an agency in the teaching and conduct of some amongst ourselves ; but of all the circumstances which have encouraged and advanced that aggression, none, perhaps, have operated more strongly than the distribution of those little nucleuses of Irish Roman Catholics in so large a proportion as we find them in the different communities of this country. (Hear, hear.) If you go to any part of the country, and find a Roman Catholic chapel or convent rising up, and you inquire where the Roman Catholics are to come from to form the congregation of the one, or to occupy the other—if you ask, whether there is any indigenous Roman Catholic population in the neighbourhood to render such a building necessary, you are told “No ; but a number of Irish Roman Catholics have been left here and there ; that, of the working classes who have been employed in making the railroads and other works in the locality, a goodly sediment has been left behind, and that for their accommodation the erection is provided.”

If you inquire into the facts, you will find, I believe, in every case where these chapels and convents have arisen in the land, that the excuse is, the presence of a small number of Roman Catholics in the neighbourhood, arising not from indigenous growth, but from emigration from the sister country. It may be asked, how would you put a stop to this ? Not by preventing Irishmen from coming here at all. This is not our way. (Hear, hear.) We would regard them always as our brethren, hail them with welcome to our shores, and give them all the advantages which our superior wealth, and the great demand for employment here, as compared with their own country, affords ; but then we wish them to come, not as Romanists, to propagate their religion amongst us, but as active, faithful, and pious Protestants—as Protestants inspired with all that energy and zeal which belong to their nation, but with that energy and zeal engaged in a better cause. (Applause.) You have had recounted to you in the Report the efforts of this Society, and you have heard also that those efforts have not been fruitless. Indeed, it is impossible to believe they could be so. (Hear, hear.) For, in the first place, we have the strongest confidence in the truth and righteousness of our cause. You have always held the language as Protestants, and not only held the language, but you have always been impressed with the feeling as Protestants, that if we only give to the word of God free course, the result cannot be doubted. (Applause.) But for a long time the free course of that word was denied in Ireland. It was denied from various causes,—it was denied in consequence of national antipathies, and it was denied by means of persecution of the bitterest kind,—not the persecution of the law, but that which touches us more closely, the persecution of public opinion in each locality—public opinion directed by the most relentless guides—those who had an influence all-powerful over the consciences, the feelings, and the actions of their flocks. (Hear, hear.) But now the case is different ; now, for very shame's sake, when they are appealing for toleration here, and much more than toleration (hear, hear), they cannot for shame be hunting almost to the death, as they used to do, those who venture to exercise liberty of conscience amongst themselves. (Hear, hear.) Therefore I say, that it is at a happy

moment that this Society has pushed boldly into the enemy's quarters, for they can scarcely now pursue their exclusive dealing,—they can scarcely now resort to their pitchforks, their boiling water, their Bible burnings, and their persecution of their Protestant fellow-countrymen there, while they are appealing to the liberality of their Protestant fellow-countrymen here. (Applause.)

Let us take advantage of this happy change of circumstances—it may last but for a short time. The tendency of Rome is always strong to persecution when it can find free course, and it is only from accidental circumstances that that natural tendency is ever suspended. Let us take advantage of those circumstances now, and by God's grace we may so far be successful, that that spirit of persecution shall never be again called into exercise in these kingdoms. (Applause.) Let us fight the fight with hope—let us have confidence that that energy, and zeal and warmth of affections which have hitherto so strangely misled our Irish fellow-subjects when turned in a false direction, will, when diverted into a true channel, give an amount of prosperity and success to our efforts for the extension of the truth amongst them, which, in a people endowed with a colder nature, we could hardly expect. (Applause.)

I have touched only on a point or two, with the view of directing your notice to the object which has called us together. You will have your attention more powerfully interested presently, by those gentlemen who are about to address you, and who can speak from personal acquaintance of the transactions of this Society. For myself, I feel I am here only as an Englishman, surrounded by many Irishmen, much more fitted to occupy this position than I am ; but I imagine I have been invited to take the chair for the purpose of showing the degree in which English interests are engaged in the cause, and to prove to the English public that it is no separate interest connected with the sister country alone that has called us together, but one in which all are equally interested. (Applause.) I now beg to call on the Rev. Mr. Wilkinson, the Clerical Secretary, to move the first Resolution.

The Rev. W. WILKINSON then rose and said—My Lord, and Christian friends, I rise to move the following resolution :—

“That the Report now read be adopted, printed, and circulated, under the direction of the Committee, and that the following gentlemen be elected the Committee for the ensuing year.” [The names were read.]

I have been called upon to move this resolution because, a short time since, by the direction of the Committee, I had an opportunity of visiting our mission stations in Ireland ; and it has been deemed advisable that I should present to you, very briefly, some portion of the information I collected in the course of that visit, as to the progress of the mission. This will explain, if not justify, my appearing before you on the present occasion. (Hear, hear.) In touching upon the various topics which naturally present themselves, I shall select, in relation to the Report, two of our missions only, in order that I may confine my observations within reasonably narrow limits. The missions I mean are Galway and Dublin ; and I select the former, because I had, in the year 1849, the opportunity of visiting it, and I can report the progress of the work ; and I allude to the latter, because I am desirous of showing that the reformation is advancing in the metropolis of Ireland, as well as in the provinces, by English-speaking agents, amongst an English-speaking people, that England may be convinced that there is not only an earnest desire for the truth amongst the Irish-speaking population, but also a wide field open for the labours of our missionaries amongst the English-speaking population. (Hear.) On the late occasion, I first visited the missions at West Galway, and I will proceed to give you some account of what I witnessed at some of our stations there.

My first visit was to Oughterard, which I had previously visited when the bishop of Tuam commenced his confirmation tour in that district. When I was last there, I was informed of the mode of warfare adopted by the Romish priests. At first they pretended to ignore the fact of the progress of the mission ; they sneered at it, and said it would come to nought. But when the efforts of the missionaries began to tell visibly, open violence and persecution

were resorted to, and these not succeeding, an appeal was put forward, and extensively circulated in the Galway newspapers, calling for funds to enable the priests to counteract the influence of the missionaries of the truth who were preaching among the benighted Romanists the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. But the last mode they adopted was controversial preaching. When I arrived at Oughterard, I heard that a priest had preached a controversial sermon, and I was asked by our missionary there if I would reply to it. "If you will do so," said he, "I will post a notice on the church-door, calling the service for the evening." I could not refuse compliance, and the notice was posted. It was merely a notice written with a pen, and I mention the circumstance as showing the great change which has taken place in the state of feeling in that part of Ireland—not amongst the townspeople only—for it being market-day, numbers came in from the country, and everybody who walked up or down the street could see the notice on the church-gate. Now those who know anything of Ireland, must admit that even but a short time back, such a notice would not have remained ten minutes; but to my surprise, when I went to the church in the evening, I found still unmutated this notice calling upon the people to attend in the evening and hear the true gospel preached in reply to the sermon of the priest,—but there was an addition to it. The notice called upon the Roman Catholics to attend, and the addition was, "indeed they won't." But when they entered the church, those who expected that the Roman Catholics would not attend were disappointed, while we were gratified for the church was full, and the people listened throughout with fixed and marked attention to the preaching of the gospel. (Applause.) I said I should speak by contrast, and I will do so. In the former visit we had the advantage of the presence of the reverend Edward Nangle, who was announced to preach a sermon in the Irish language. I need not tell you that preaching in the Irish language is always very attractive in that part of the country, and besides that, the preacher was a well-known man; but although at my last visit there were none of these attractions, the service being conducted in English there were three times as many people present as on the former occasion.

This shows the progress the work of the mission is making, and the improved state of feeling in that part of Ireland. (Applause.) But there was still another mode of counteracting the influence of the mission resorted to by the priest. He gave it out that the mission was not connected with the Church of England; he said, "Oh, these people are Dissenters; they do not belong to the Established Church; it will come to nothing." No answer was made to this except that the excellent incumbent of the parish opened his church to the missionaries. (Hear, hear.) And not only in the school-room, but in the parish-church Divine service is conducted by the missionaries. Thus the most practical and direct contradiction was given to the statement of the priest; and every Sunday evening, now, our missionary preaches in the parish-church to a large congregation of converts and inquiring Romanists. (Hear, hear.) And I might add, that the attendance is larger at these services in the church than at the Romish chapel where the priest preaches. I state this on the authority of a Romanist, who told it me, as a matter of news, that he was at chapel in the morning, and at church in the evening, and that there were more people at church than at the chapel. Such is the state of things there.

At Glan, in the immediate neighbourhood of Oughterard, the reformation is going on most favourably, and the congregation is on the increase. Our missionary is anticipating, with anxious desire, the opening of the school-room now in progress, in order that he may have a convenient place of worship for the people to assemble in, as well as a fitting place where the children can be instructed in the scriptures. But I will pass on to the station of Castelkerke and with regard to that station I have to announce to you that a congregation meets there to join in Protestant worship, week by week, and that that congregation is said to be generally larger than that at the two neighbouring Roman Catholic chapels. Mr. O'Callaghan gives the most satisfactory evidence of the desire of the people in this district to hear the gospel preached to them in the language they speak and can understand. The testimony of our agents and teachers is peculiarly gratifying, as showing the progress the work is making

and the increase in the number of those who regularly attend Protestant worship, and the number of children attending our schools.

I come now to Clifden and Sellaema; and I select the latter only because I had the satisfaction, on my former visit, of seeing the congregation which assembled on the Sunday succeeding the Bishop of Tuam's confirmation. When I went there, I rejoiced to see the assembled people, and the earnestness with which they took part in the service. There were many gathered there on the former occasion, but I should state to you that in that district there are now *three* congregations, and this was but one of the three. When I went to the school-room where the service is performed, we saw the school-children coming away from the building, and upon inquiring the reason, we found they had been withdrawn to make room for the adult congregation. We could understand, when we entered the building, the need for this. The place wore a peculiar aspect, considered as a place of worship. In one corner there were crowded together those of the children who remained behind, and their conduct throughout the whole of the service, notwithstanding the crowding, was as quiet, as orderly and attentive, as possible, and they joined in the responses with an earnestness and propriety which I have seldom seen in this country amongst children of the same age. There was no watchful superintendence over them, no person keeping them in order, as we generally have here; and yet the utmost quiet and attention prevailed amongst them, and the congregation was not disturbed for an instant. (Hear, hear.) The service was, as usual, carried on in the Irish language, but I had an opportunity of preaching afterwards in English, and the deep and intelligent attention with which the congregation followed my words, proved the great progress they had made in the English language since my last visit. After the service, it was a pleasing sight to behold the communicants coming forward to partake of the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. On the previous occasion the number of communicants was forty-eight, of whom forty-one were converted Roman Catholics; but on this occasion there were ninety-three. (Applause.) And when I say ninety-three, it should be remembered that the congregation has been divided into three since I was there before, and I was told that the Lord's Supper had been administered a fortnight previous by a reverend brother, who is now present, when ninety-six communicants partook of it, and that the great majority of those to whom I administered it were not the same persons. (Hear, hear.)

You perceive then, how satisfactorily the work of the Lord is going on here, and how abundantly the Lord is blessing the labours of the mission.—While I am upon this point I will, if the Meeting will bear with me, mention one or two facts in connexion with these communicants, which will not, I think, be uninteresting. One of these affected me in a peculiar manner, and I mention it in relation to an observation, which fell from our Chairman, who spoke of burning the Bible. I cannot say that anything of this kind has occurred in Ireland, *since* the aggression of the Papacy in this country, for when the Roman Catholics were appealing for liberty and toleration, as they call it, in England, it was not considered the most convenient and appropriate time to resort to this kind of intolerance in Ireland. But not long since, there was a Bible burnt in this district. The circumstances were these. The priest went into the house of a poor woman who was ill, and whose son he had been told was a "Jumper," and asked for his (the son's) books; the son not being present at the time, the woman said she did not know where the books were. The priest, however, commenced searching about the house, and, at length, found an Irish Bible and Testament.—He seized it in a rage, and going to the hearth he took the fire from the fire-place, and placing it in the centre of the room, he threw the Bible in, and then placed more fire upon it, stirring it with his stick to make it burn. But it appears it did not burn fast enough to gratify him, and snatching it half consumed from the fire, he carried it out of the building, he threw it into the cesspool, and putting his foot upon it, trampled on the word of God. While he was outside, a poor woman who came in, had taken up the fire from the middle of the room, and placed it again in the fire-place. He went back into the house, and seeing what she had done, he spoke

in the strongest and harshest manner to her, reprobating her conduct, and at length went away in a fury. It is true that this priest afterwards denied that he had done this, but there is the half-consumed Bible in the possession of one of our missionaries, rescued from the cesspool, where he had cast it, to prove the truth of the statement. I mention this circumstance in connexion with those who came forward as communicants, to show that even the violence to which the Romish priests resort to impede the work has been made an instrument in the hands of God, to help it forward.—For one of our communicants on the occasion of which I speak, was the head of the family in which this act of bigoted intolerance had been committed, and who was so disgusted at the conduct of the priest, that he attended the preaching of the Missionary, and both he and his wife were converted, and he was one of those who came forward to receive the Lord's supper.

I will give you one other instance in reference to the same occasion. I observed, when administering the sacrament amongst those who came forward, a young lad, who, I thought, appeared to be too young to understand fully the nature of the sacrament, and I was about to pass him over, but I saw the eye of our missionary turned towards him, and as I knew he was very careful as to those whom he suffered to participate in the Lord's supper, and that he had turned adults back when he thought they were not in a fit state to receive it profitably, I administered it to this young lad in his turn with the others, and after the service I asked the missionary about him. He told me that he was much older than he looked, that he was 16 years old, and that he was of great assistance to the missionaries, being, although so young, already powerful in furthering the cause of God. (Hear, hear.) And he told me that a Roman Catholic had come to him some short time ago, and asked him to employ the lad as an Irish teacher. "He has often," said he, "tried to convert me." He met him the other day, and he said to him, "Do you think you can answer me a question, if I ask you one." "I don't know," was the reply.—"I will ask you one, and you shall ask me one, and we shall see who is beaten." This was agreed to, and the boy had to ask the first, and the question he put was, "What did our blessed Lord say to the Sadducees, when they denied the doctrine of the resurrection?" The Roman Catholic was confused, not being well versed in the scriptures, as you may suppose, and at length he said, "I have heard something about it, but I don't know." "You are beaten," said the boy.—"No, I am not beaten," said the Roman Catholic, "do you know?" The boy said "yes,"—and added, "ye do err, not knowing the scriptures, nor the power of God." The man said, "true, I am beaten." And the boy rejoined "Yes, and you would have been beaten if you had answered." "How so," said the man. "Why," answered the boy, "the priest tells you that you err if you do know the scriptures, but Christ tells you that 'you err, not knowing the scriptures.'" (Applause.) I have mentioned these things, as showing the state of feeling and the scriptural knowledge which exists amongst some of the people here, and I may add that in the other stations of the district, Ballycoun, Derrygimla, &c., it is the same as at Sellerna.

I will now turn to another branch of the subject, and will speak for a moment of our mission schools. We have at this time, at the various stations in West Galway, 2900 children receiving instruction in our schools. (Applause.) With regard to the school-houses themselves, it is well said in the Report that they are, many of them, most inconvenient for their purpose, and I should rejoice, if the buildings at Derry-Gimla and Ballyconree had been finished. An appeal has been made, which I trust will be responded to, that means may be provided for covering-in the buildings. The schools are so crowded, that it is necessary often to place a number of the children outside, when the classes are formed; and on one occasion some were brought out into the road, with their writing materials, while others were reading inside. (Applause.) I will tell you, too, something of what I witnessed in the school at Oughterard. When I went there, I saw the children with the Bible in their hands. What, the Bible in Connemara! The Bible in the diocese of John of Tuam! Yes, even so; and let me show you what sort of teaching they receive. When I went into the school, the children opened their Bibles, and I asked them what the chapter

was about that they were reading? and they read, "For this cause I, Paul, the prisoner of Jesus Christ for you Gentiles," &c. Then I asked, who was Paul? The answer was, "An apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ." Then I asked, what is an apostle? This question they also answered correctly; and then I asked them the meaning of the several sections of the sentence, and they answered in the most intelligent manner. Again, I asked when was Saint Paul converted? and in reply they gave me an accurate account of the apostle's conversion, while on his road to Damascus. Then I said, "What do you mean by the word saint?" and the answer was, "a man that is holy." I again asked, "Is any man holy?" They replied, "No, there is none righteous, no not one." Then I asked, was Paul a sinner? "Yes," said one of the children. To another, was he a saint?—"How could he be both a saint and a sinner at the same time?" A boy replied, "He was a saint according to the law of the spirit, and he was a sinner according to the law of the flesh." (Applause.) Here, then, you have a specimen of the kind of teaching given in these schools. I may just observe, by way of parenthesis, that 200*l.* will complete the buildings, and provide accommodation for divine service in these two school-houses, to which I have before called attention.

Let me give you a few more facts, to illustrate the progress of the work. "A boy who went to America, some time since sent for his sister, who had been a short time going to the Barratrough school. He has lately written to his widowed mother not to let any more of her children go to the same school, for that Nora is a black Protestant, and will turn the whole place upside down." This sister was most zealous in propagating a knowledge of the gospel in her family and among her neighbours. (Hear.) Take another instance of a boy not twelve years of age. "The wife of a convert being brought to bed, an old woman (a Scapularian) was obliged to be sent for to attend her. At midnight a son was added to the family. A little boy, about eleven years of age, no sooner heard of a brother's being born, than he jumped out of bed and groped about for his father's large Bible, which having found, he ran up to where the infant lay in the old Carmelite's lap. While they were all wondering what he was doing, and especially the old nurse, he put the Bible as near the infant's hands as he could, and thus addressed him: "Open your hands wide, brother, and catch the sword of the Spirit: with it you will be able to conquer priest and monk: yes, and the Pope too, if he should come across you." This speech, you may be sure, caused a great stir among them; and the old nurse, having recovered from her surprise, said, "Why, then, it's no harm to call you a *juniper* in earnest, and if all are like you, the priests may well shake with fear." (Loud applause.)

I give another example of the Scripture knowledge and intelligence of the young. A priest in the neighbourhood of the station met a boy who he knew attended the school, and entered into conversation with him; and, being aware that he read the Scriptures, after some argument on other matters, this dialogue ensued:—"Well," said the priest, "my good chap, who authorized you to read the Scripture?" "Jesus Christ," was the answer; "for he said, 'Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and they are they which testify of me.'" "Yes," said the priest, "but that was addressed to the teachers and chief priests of the Jews, and is applicable only to the priests of the New Testament; it never was intended for chaps like you, who know nothing, and cannot translate the Scriptures, nor read them in the original language." "And how well," said the boy, "St. Paul praised Timothy because he knew the holy Scriptures since he was a child; and the same is applicable to children now, as well as in the days of St. Paul." "And pray, Sir," said the priest, "what have you learned from the Scriptures,—will you enlighten us with some of your knowledge?" The boy replied,—"I have learned that salvation is offered by Jesus Christ to all believers, without money, and without price" (and quoted Isaiah lv., 1, and Rev. xxii., 17); "and I have learned also that the doctrine of the mass is not true, for the bread and wine are only offered in remembrance." "How do you know but the priest has the power of making the body of Christ," said the other. The answer was,—"But I find there that the bread is

broken in remembrance that Christ's body was broken for us, and that the wine is taken in remembrance that Christ's blood was shed for us. I find no more in the Bible, and I believe no more; and my senses tell me it is only bread and wine, and I believe my senses." "But," said the priest, "your senses can deceive you; for, if I put my stick into water"—(and at this he suited the action to the word, and put a stick into a pail of water)—"now your senses will tell you that that stick is crooked, but yet the stick is a straight one." "That is only one of my senses," said the boy; "let me bring my other senses to bear on it, and my touch will tell me it is straight; besides, the water should be removed to give the sight fair play. There never was an instance of the five senses being deceived, but in the mass the five senses are deceived, if your doctrine were true." At this the priest could bear no more, and cried out, "You are a devil—a hell-born devil, and I was wrong to argue so long with a limb of Satan;" and as he was mounting his horse he heard these words:—"There is one Lawgiver, who is able to save and destroy; who art thou that judgest another?" (Loud applause.)

I will now pass on to the Dublin Mission; and of this, time will only permit me to say that I can testify to the accuracy of the statements of the Report. I had the privilege of being present at the controversial preaching in that city, and the crowds of Romanists who flocked in to hear the word of God, and to be instructed in the Scriptures, proves the great progress that word is making there, and affords good ground for anticipating that, by God's blessing, the labours of the mission in the metropolis, as in the provinces, will be followed by a glorious result. (Applause.) I will not venture to trespass further on your attention on this point, for I know there are those to follow me, whom you are anxious to hear. I cannot, however, refrain from adverting to one other point. You spoke, my Lord, in opening the business of this meeting, of Papal aggression, and of the means of repelling it; and I hold here in my hand a document relating to that subject, to which I would briefly call attention. I have alluded to the congregation assembling at Castlekerke; and here, my Lord, is a petition enamating from that congregation, signed by no less than 173 adult males—heads of families, and representing an aggregate congregation of more than 500 souls. Above two-thirds can write their names, as will appear to those who inspect the document. This petition is about to be presented to both Houses of Parliament; shall I be trespassing on the attention of the meeting if I read it? (A general reply of "no, no," and "read.") The petition then, is as follows:

To the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, in Parliament assembled.

We, the undersigned, formerly members of the Church of Rome, but now, through the goodness of God, by the use of the holy Scriptures and ministration of the Clergy of the established Church, members of the United Church of England and Ireland, residing at Castlekerke, in the parish of Cong, and county of Galway, have heard with great dismay of the appointment of a Cardinal Archbishop, to administer the affairs of the Court of Rome in this country.

We know so well the spiritual tyranny of the Romish priesthood, and the awful powers for evil which they exercise, that we look with horror to any increase to these powers.

We deeply apprehend that, with the appointment of a Cardinal Archbishop in England, will, of necessity, come in the Canon Law of Rome, and that increased influence may thereby be invested in men whose powers for evil are already too great, as the disturbed and benighted state of this country, since it has been brought under the See of Rome, in the year 1172, as well as that of every other nation where the power of the Pope prevails, too clearly proves.

Being thankful for the blessing we enjoy in our freedom from the galling yoke of the Church of Rome, and knowing that the great end and aim of the present Papal aggression, as well as every other effort of the priesthood of the same Church, is to check the spread of divine truth, to deprive the inquiring Roman Catholic of his Bible, and to hinder the further progress of that great movement which is now making such rapid progress in this land, we implore your Lordships to restrain, by legal enactments, the power for persecution by altar anathemas, &c., now sought to be introduced into England, and the evil effect of which has been so long fatally experienced in Ireland.

We would, in conclusion, humbly implore your Lordships to enact such measures as will afford us the opportunity of providing scriptural instruction for our children, which we believe to be the best and surest means of rendering this country prosperous and happy, and her people peaceable and loyal.

Here is a proof of the progress the Reformation is making in Ireland. (Hear, hear.) Here we have resistance in Ireland to Papal aggression in England. (Loud applause.) They have experienced in that country the power of the priests of Rome, and these petitioners speak *from experience*. (Hear, hear.) Rome has for a long time past been cautiously and silently insinuating herself into this land. Now she speaks out more boldly. But let

us look to Ireland, and see what she has enacted there, that we may know what, if this aggression succeed, we may anticipate here. If Papal aggression succeeded—if Rome gained the ascendancy here, depend upon it we should have Bible burnings in England as well as in Ireland. Why, already—as a reverend brother who is to follow me can tell you—they have done it in Birmingham (hear, hear); and if they prevail, they will do it elsewhere. We should no longer then see as we do now, among the articles at the Great Exhibition of the world's industry, the Scriptures of Divine truth, translated into 130 different languages, exposed there as a great monument of the zeal and fidelity of Protestant Christians; but instead of it, we should see, probably, if such an exhibition were possible under such circumstances, the Latin vulgate, bound up in antique fashion, curiously but closely clasped, and guarded by some janissary of Rome, lest some inquisitive or inquiring son of another Church should chance to cast his eyes upon its dangerous contents. (Applause) But, my Lord, we value our privileges too much to permit this. Protestant England has spoken out, but she must not go to sleep. The battle is not yet ended. (Hear, hear.) To-night, Parliament will have the matter under their consideration, and we can hardly doubt the result. But we are met here this morning on a no less important subject. (Hear, hear.) Let us endeavour to stem the torrent of Romish aggression in every form and in every shape, and pray that the word of God may have free course and be glorified; for we are not afraid but that there is strength enough to resist Romanism in England, and to dislodge Romanism from Ireland; and we do not speak this in a spirit of presumptuous self-reliance, but rather in humble faith, because we believe that the Lord of hosts is with us—that the God of Jacob is our refuge. (Much applause.)

The Rev. JOHN C. MILLER said,—I rise, my Lord, to second the adoption of the Report which we have heard with so much interest and thankfulness to God. While I listened to the statements in that Report, I could not but rejoice that the wish expressed by a clerical friend of mine some years ago has not been carried out, before the establishment of this blessed Society,—that “what was wanted was a Society to prevent the formation of any more societies.” I am sure we shall all rejoice that that has not yet taken place, but that, by the providence of God, we have this infant Society of Irish Church Missions to Roman Catholics—infant in years, but already adult in strength and usefulness. (Hear, hear.)

We have heard very much during the last few months, my Lord, of Papal aggression in this country; so much, that we are almost afraid lest the good people of England should get tired of listening to and reading speeches, and lectures, and sermons on the subject. But, thank God! we have heard this morning neither of Papal aggression nor of Protestant defection (hear, hear), but of *Protestant aggression on Romanism*. (Loud applause.) We have of late heard, I say, a great deal of Papal aggression and Protestant defection—defection which has at length reached, not to the very highest, but to some among the high dignitaries of the Church; and who shall say how much further the poison will spread? (Hear.) But, my lord, there is one circumstance of marked contrast between the Protestant aggression now going on in Ireland, and Romish aggression and Protestant defection in England, which is worthy of the notice of this meeting. If I understand our friends Mr. Wilkinson and Mr. Dallas aright, the work of this Society in Ireland is not done by sending traitors into the camp (hear, hear); but by sending men into the Romish citadel who are Protestant at heart, and who go openly as Protestants, and not in the disguise of Rome. (Hear.) It is not done by sending schoolmistresses into schools under false pretences, to seduce the children from their faith, as was done, I am informed, at Hampstead, where a Roman Catholic schoolmistress remained, upon the supposition of her being a Protestant, for nine months; and, though taxed with being a Romanist repeatedly, denied it, and yet afterwards confessed the charge to be true. Neither is our work, if I rightly understand it, done on Father Ignatius's plan, of sending Romish scullery-maids into families to convert the inmates, from the kitchen upwards.

But the work of this Society is done in open, English, Protestant, and Christian fashion, by the direct and open promulgation of the Protestant faith, under the banner of the gospel of the truth of God, planted on the walls of Rome through faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and by the grace and under the assistance of the mighty Spirit of our God. (Applause.) And I trust, and feel assured, that were the conversion of 10,000 Romanists to be our reward, this Society will never condescend to a single skulking, dark or midnight act, to secure their adhesion to Protestantism. (Applause.) But I remember that in the proceedings of the Society last year, we heard, and we have also read in the reports and papers published by the Society, much about the bitter opposition offered to the labours of our missionaries by the priests of the church of Rome. I am sure the meeting will agree with me when I say, that this circumstance, taken in connexion with other evidence, is one of the most blessed proofs we could have of the genuineness and reality of the work. (Hear, hear.) If our Secretary and the deputations who have visited the mission stations, came back to the platform here to tell us of the wonderful things that are going on, of schools established, and of crowded congregations regularly attending Protestant worship,—if they told us all this, but that the priests were silent,—we should conclude that, notwithstanding appearances, the priests knew very well that we had not hit the right nail on the head. But when we hear of the active and determined opposition of the Romish priests, when we are told that they have found a name for this new sect of “JUMPERS”; when we find them opposing, in every way in their power, the circulation of the Word, and doing all they can to impede the work; then we know that our work is of God. (Hear, hear.) Opposition, my Lord! Why let us look back to any point in the progress of Christianity, and see if the course of real godliness,—the true exhibition of the gospel to the world,—has not always been accompanied by the bitterest, the fiercest opposition of Satan and his emissaries.

Let us look to the history of the conversion of an individual soul. Perhaps there is no greater conflict to which the human heart is subject, than that which takes place when it is first roused to God—“*while he was yet coming the Devil tare him.*” Opposition! Take the example of the most flourishing missionary stations. Take the mission at Krishnaghur, the mission at Tinnevely, or the mission at Abbeokuta. Do we not find, in every instance, that those stations which have been the special gardens of the mission field and where our work has been most abundantly blessed, have been the places where there has been most opposition, and the fiercest persecution? (Hear, hear.) Talk we of opposition, my Lord? Let us look back for a moment on the history of our glorious Reformation. It is but a trite, and school-boy remark to say, that that Reformation was secured to us, and consecrated to us by some of the noblest and best blood in the land. (Applause.) And why should we stop short at the Reformation?—we may go back to the very foundation of Christianity—everywhere, and in every case, from its Divine Author and his immediate disciples down to the present time, the badge of the faith of Christ is, in some form or other, the cross. (Applause.) Let us not, then, be discouraged by opposition, but remember, that in proportion to the shortness of the season that remains to Antichrist, will be his wrath and his enmity to the Church and the Church’s Head. We remember the expression in the Apocalypse, “For the Devil has come down unto you having great wrath, because he knoweth that he hath but a short time.”

But there is one point in regard to this Institution and to the whole work of Protestantism, which it is desirable to impress on the minds of this and similar meetings. We have all of us been gaining some experience during the last few months—and we have to thank the Pope for it—of the real working of Protestant aggression amongst the masses of the Romish population, and, so far as I understand it from observing the state of Birmingham (which you are aware is a central point with the Romanists in their aggression on England), the difficulty we have to contend with is, *the power of the priesthood.* (Hear.)

I would not speak discouragingly of the circulation of tracts and books amongst the Romanists. Thousands of such publications have been circulated in Birmingham alone. But the difficulty is, that though we may circulate

tracts, and put books into the hands of these people, they will not read them in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, without the permission of the priest, which, of course, they cannot get. And the most promising feature of the work in Ireland is, that God has so wonderfully prepared the way for this work, by checking the confidence of the people in the power of the priests. In the publications of the Society we find proof of this. Take an instance :—

“A woman, who lately attended confession in this town, was asked some questions by the priest, of so revolting a character, that she burst into tears, and refused to make any reply. She has since declared that ‘she will never for the future confess to any, but to God alone.’ The priest, finding that he had been too precipitate, endeavoured to undo the mischief, by expressing his sorrow to the woman for having suspected her of such crimes; but his excuses do not avail. The woman cannot believe that, as her catechism religion teaches her, ‘she has been confessing to God,’ and not to fallen, sinful man; and she cannot conceal the disgust she feels at his unholy line of examination.”

Is it not remarkable, that when, at this very time, by the most miserable sophistry, the Tractarians are taking that beautiful and scriptural exhortation in our Prayer-book, which touches on going to a discreet minister of God’s word for consolation in time of trouble, and making it the lever to get in the filthy practice of auricular confession (hear, hear)—is it not a remarkable and interesting fact, that we should find the poor women of Ireland are beginning to feel, in their native modesty—for they are as modest as any people on the face of the earth—that the questions put to them are too revolting and disgusting for female delicacy to bear. (Applause.) There is a poor woman in my own congregation who, in early life, was nearly entrapped by the Romanists; and when she spoke to me, she said, “One of the first things that shook me, was the improper questions put to me when I went to confession.” (Hear, hear.) Take another instance :—

“A few days ago the priest held a station quite close to the Duholla schoolhouse, where they always had the best gathering in the parish. A short time ago no less than 200 persons used to attend the stations there, but no more than ten attended the last station; and half of them brought him no money, so that he began to treat them very violently, even to kick and beat them.

“One woman that was thus beaten was a Scapularian; she had her object of worship tied under her neck in a bit of rag. She was very bigoted, and had a violent hatred to the ‘jumpers;’ when she saw any of them on the road she would make the sign of the cross on her forehead. On her coming to the station, the priest asked if she had brought him his dues, upon which she made answer that she could not afford it. Upon this reply, he instantly caught her, and kicked her, and threw her out, and beat her so severely she was scarcely able to go home. I am now told that her confidence in the priest, and what he can do for her, is quite shaken; and she says she will never say another word against the ‘jumpers.’”

Take also the account, as given in Mr. Inglis’s book—a work well known to many on the platform—entitled, “Ireland in 1834.” The writer says :—

“I am sorry to be obliged, in this place, to record a fact, to which I could not have given credit on any evidence less conclusive than that of *my own eyes*. The Roman Catholic chapel is newly erected, and is yet unfinished; and I am told that the anxiety to obtain funds for its completion, gave rise to the enactment of some curious scenes at the door. I went there about ten o’clock, and I certainly did witness a scene of a most singular kind. The gates were shut, and four men stood by: one had a silver salver to receive the larger contributions; two were provided with wooden ladles for the copper offerings, and these they shook in the ears of every one who approached; and one man, *the priest, stood just within the gate, armed with a shilleeh!* No one was admitted who did not contribute. I saw a man attempt to pass without contributing; and I saw the priest push and buffet the man, and at length strike him several times with his stick, and knock his hat off his head! This is no matter of hearsay—I saw it; and I saw from thirty to forty persons kneeling outside of the gate on the high-road,—poor persons, who had not a halfpenny to spare. To be more and more sure that this was the cause of their remaining without, I gave some halfpence amongst them, and saw them admitted.”

This proves very clearly that the breaking down of such an influence as that, is the breaking down of the great barrier against the entrance of the pure truth of the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ into Ireland: and I can truly say, if my humble opinion may be brought before the Meeting, that I never heard of the institution of a society with greater pleasure than the institution of this, a few years back. I felt that this is really the right principle on which to proceed. (Applause.) I had felt for some years—I say it with all deference to the excellent Irish prelates and clergy—that there was something defective in our proceedings in Ireland. I am not wishing to cast a slur on other societies, least of all, to forget the Irish Society, but there was a want of something on a more extended scale in the way of missionary effort. We have not had sufficient Protestant aggression; and I am persuaded that this is the kind of effort which God will bless—which God has blessed in Ireland, to so

great an extent, and which God will bless now. (Applause.) And if I might use a parliamentary phrase, I would suggest an amendment in the constitution of the Society, and it would certainly be rather a sweeping one—that *this Society be extended to England*. It would be a little Irish, still to call it “the Irish Church Missions,” but it would only be in keeping with all Irish subjects, which are not complete unless a little bit of a bull be connected with them. (Laughter.) But I speak in earnestness, and am persuaded that the time is fast approaching when the Christian laity of this land will have to meet together and form a similar institution for this country. I am persuaded that in many of our parishes we are not acting towards the Irish population as we ought to do. Do we believe what we say about Popery? Do we believe that Popery is indeed a damnable system of idolatry (hear, hear), dishonouring to God, and that if a man is no better than his creed, it is impossible for him to find salvation under it? (Hear, hear.) This may appear intolerant. When we get into Exeter-hall there is something intolerant, I suppose, in the atmosphere. (A laugh.) But do we, standing on this platform, believe these things?

What are we doing in our English parishes at home? Are we to tell our readers—“That is a Roman Catholic—let him alone.” Should we do so with a Hindoo, or with a man from China? No. Any faithful man on the platform, if he found 100 Hindoos in his parish, would consider it the most interesting part of his parish, and would say, “if they are going to stay here six months, woe to me if I let them go without making an attempt to bring them to the knowledge of the truth.” It may appear intolerant: but idolatry is idolatry, no matter whether it be practised in Ireland or in India: the essence of the sin is the same: it is alike dishonouring to God and destructive to the soul of him who is under bondage to it. (Applause.) I anticipate the day when we shall have an aggressive movement of this kind in England, and I am persuaded it will be a very sad thing if we let the present opportunity altogether pass away. (Hear, hear.) I can myself testify, and there is not one of my brethren from the provinces, who cannot testify the same thing—that the change that has come over the spirit of our people, with regard to the Protestant and Romanist question, is quite astonishing. There is now a much more healthful tone than formerly. I don’t suppose that since our brother, Mr. Stowell, stood up in Exeter-hall, he has ever before been in such request. I have met him at railway-stations, and heard of him here and there, and I once looked at him at Birmingham, with anxiety, because I thought he was wearing himself out. The demand for Protestantism is so great, that some of us youngsters have been obliged to take to the work: and although we are not Dr. McNeiles or Stowells, and have, some of us, done our work bunglingly, we have not (blessed be God), done it without success. (Applause.)

—In Wolverhampton and Shrewsbury, and some other towns, a series of Protestant lectures have been got up. I can testify to the cases of Shrewsbury and Wolverhampton, where I was permitted to preach, and where congregations of 2000 persons have been gathered together, listening for nearly two hours, with the most breathless attention. (Hear.) That is a sign that there is a more healthful tone with regard to the matter, and I trust the golden opportunity will not be lost, but that we shall recognize in it, a call from Divine Providence. And with regard to Ireland, it may come to this—that after our statesmen have been planning for Old Ireland without success, the Irish Church Missions may show the right way, and be the foremost instrument, and that God may prove that His Gospel is far more mighty than the policy of the wisest statesman, and that the foolishness of God is wiser than man, and the weakness of God is stronger than man. (Applause.) I wish I could conclude as some speakers do, and make my closing sentence the most effective, by presenting a liberal donation. I have no check for £50, either from my own pocket or any one else’s, but I will give an invitation to your worthy secretaries. One of them has already preached in my church at Birmingham. He had not a collection on that occasion: and, therefore, if he will accept a promissory note, and he and Mr. Dallas will come to Birmingham, we will manage to have sermons and collections too. In the language of deputation

invitations, I promise them a well-aired bed and a hearty welcome, and that they shall bring back some of our silver and gold with them. (Applause.) I have great pleasure in seconding the resolution. (Loud applause.)

The Noble Chairman then put the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

The Rev. HUGH STOWELL.—My Lord, I have been requested to move—

“That this Meeting gratefully acknowledges the blessing of Almighty God upon the efforts of the Society, in the success which He has vouchsafed to the labours of its agents in Ireland, and in the increased contributions of its friends.”

I agree with my friend Mr. Miller, in his remarks on the origin and value of this Society, because I conceive that while the Irish and other Societies had been preparing the way for a mighty work, there needed, according to the Scripture rule, that as one had sowed, another should reap. It seems to be in the ordinary economy of God, in the furtherance of His truth, that there should be those who are employed in breaking up the ground, those who are employed in sowing the seed, and those who are employed in reaping the harvest; and certain I am that whilst the beloved and cherished Irish Society—and I trust it will ever be beloved, cherished and supported, so long as Ireland is loved and cherished by England, and that ought to be as long as Ireland and England continue what, by God's grace and help, they ever must continue, the United Kingdom of England and Ireland—certain I am that while that Society had been doing its quiet and unostentatious work, and preparing the way, there was wanting the more directly missionary and aggressive effort; and if there was one feature more than another in this Association that engaged my interest, and commanded my sympathy and support, it was the fact that it assumed the right attitude—the Protestant attitude—the attitude of holy aggression. (Hear, hear.) The Pope has aggressed on us—the Church of Rome has aggressed on us. We do not blame them. We admire their policy, while we abhor their principles. What are we to do then? We must go and do likewise. Let truth be aggressive on error, as error is aggressive on truth, and we have no fear for the result of a fair, bold conflict. (Applause.) It is when truth, or rather, when the supporters and defenders of truth act on the trimming, cold, heartless defensive, that they invariably are overcome by the soldiers of heresy. But when the soldiers of the cross take their proper attitude, and challenge the world as the property of the Captain of their Salvation, and give to the world no rest till it bow to the cross, then their Master will be with them, and victory will sit upon their banners. (Applause.) It was thus that the apostles won so large a portion of the world to Jesus Christ, and it was thus that the glorious Reformers of our land won back the Church to Christ, and delivered it from Antichrist. And if we, their descendants—if each generation since the Reformation had taken up their watchword and acted on their policy, and boldly carried out the Reformation, instead of having the tide of Papal error return upon us, we should long since have repelled it utterly from England's shore, from England's colonies, from England's universal empire. (Applause.)

Then, my Lord, what are we to do? Clearly, to change our policy—to catch the mantles of our martyred Reformers—to look to the God of truth to give us the spirit of righteous courage and daring by which they were animated—to meet the Papacy front to front and face to face—to break in upon its dark, hidden mines of conspiracy and fraud—to force it into daylight—to compel it to show its real features—to make it meet us foot to foot and hand to hand, and God defend the right—we have no fear of the result. (Loud applause.) I am perfectly satisfied that the reason why Popery has progressed in this country, and Protestantism has retrogressed, has been, because we have acted on the defensive, whilst they have acted on the offensive—because we have acted as if ours was the false cause and theirs was the true—we have acted as if we feared our truth would not support us, whilst they have acted as if confident that their falsehood would bear them through. And I am perfectly satisfied of this, that if Ireland at this juncture is, through God's grace, being more and more rescued from the

dark thralldom of the Papacy, it is because the Irish clergy are setting an example to their English brethren, by acting on the manly principle of carrying the war into the enemy's camp. So long as the Irish clergy were content to minister to their Protestant parishioners only, they were false to their vow: as we are false to ours. God has given to the Church the nation; has given us all the people of the parishes under our care. And to whom does the medical man go first in the infirmary? Does he go to those less sick, less in danger, less infected with the pestilence? No: he goes to the most urgent case—he goes to those in extremity, and tries his skill on them. Ought we not to go and do likewise? Ought the physicians of Jesus Christ to go last to those whom they hold to be idolaters? If there is one sin more hateful to God than another, in the whole catalogue of human turpitude, it is the sin of idolatry. If Romanism is idolatry, our first love is due to them—our first sympathy, our first compassion, our first intercession, our first preaching, our first entreaties. We must give them no rest till they cast from them the accursed thing, and bow the knee to God—the God and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. (Applause.)

My Lord, I love this Institution, too, because it acts in a spiritual manner. I will yield to none in the zeal with which I hold the great principle, that our Protestant constitution must defend Protestantism; that the laws of this land must preserve to us the glorious birthright of civil and religious freedom, which is imperilled by the Papacy and its adherents. (Hear, hear.) I trust the debate on Monday night will not disgrace the British House of Parliament. I trust that the firm and faithful Protestant band that are bound together by no mere political affinity, by no mere selfish partisanship, by no tie of mere sectarian feeling, but who are bound together by the magnetic attraction that must draw all loyal and true hearts to the word of God and the Son of God, and so to each other,—I trust that they will stand by one another; that they will stand by the truth; that they will stand by this Protestant nation; that they will stand by the glorious heir-loom which the martyred Reformers handed down to us, stained in their blood, and won by their death—and do justice to the Protestant spirit of this great land. (Applause.) I can tell Her Majesty's Ministers, and Her Majesty's House of Commons, that if they do not do justice to the Protestant feeling of this nation, we must have another election, and we must let Protestant feeling be heard and represented. (Applause.) The question at issue is far too great and grave a question to be decided without an appeal to the nation; and I believe the nation will insist on such an appeal being made, if disappointed in its reasonable hopes and expectations. I cannot but hail the noble minority of last night (on the question of the admission of Jews to Parliament), as a kind of pledge that we shall have a noble majority to-night (applause); and I believe that those Christian men who are determined to maintain the Christianity and Protestantism of our Constitution, are the men who carry with them the hearts, the hopes, the sympathies and the prayers of the community at large. But whilst I hold that against Catholic aggression there must be Protestant protection, and that to defend our liberty we must control the bold pretensions of Rome, which are nothing less than pretensions to supremacy, yet I contend that the great work is not to be done in St. Stephen's, but in the cabins and cottages of the Papists, both in Ireland and in our own country. (Cheers.) And you have only to make the attempt fairly and earnestly in your own parishes, to win access to the English Roman Catholics under your charge, and you will find them accessible; you will find them with hearts to feel the truth as well as your Protestant parishioners. (Applause.) We have tried it in Manchester. We have preached a course of sermons, addressed exclusively to the Roman Catholics. We invited them to come and listen to their tenets tested by the word of God. They came in numbers. An Irishman, a superintendent of police, in the district where I preached on "the Confessional," stated his belief that 700 Roman Catholics were present to hear that discourse. (Hear, hear.) And as one consequence, Mr. Richardson, the clergyman of the district in which the course of sermons was preached, has had for a long time a class, varying from twenty

to twenty-five, of inquirers, who attend him every Friday evening to read the Bible and inquire concerning the things belonging to their peace. Besides this, in my own Church, there is an addition to the number of communicants from the Romish pale, almost every time the Holy Communion is administered. (Applause.) These are the effects of honest aggression. We used to be frightened at the idea of aggression—we used to be frightened at the idea of even mentioning our Protestantism. But, thank God, the Pope of Rome has galvanized us—has roused us in some degree to an appreciation of our own principles, and of the errors to which those principles are opposed. I cannot but hail it a delightful compensatory providence that at this juncture, when so many men go forth from our ranks to join the ranks of Rome—but they were not of us, or they would not have gone out from us (hear, hear)—they were Romanists in heart while they were Protestants in name, and therefore we are better without them—the more entirely they leave us, the more the Church of England will be left in a sound and wholesome state (hear, hear)—but it is truly delightful to find, that while Popery is winning these fifties or hundreds in England, we are winning, through God's grace, our hundreds and thousands in Ireland. The Bishop of Tuam tells us that he has 10,000 converts in his own diocese alone. Now, I would tell Dr. Wiseman and the *Tablet*, that that is a noble set-off against the 500 apostates they can enumerate in England. The apostates in England are made up, to a great extent, of sentimental young ladies, ambitious and crafty presbyters, and not overwise scions of the aristocracy; but, I would tell Dr. Wiseman and the *Tablet*, that the souls of Patrick McDermot and Molly Malone are just as precious in the eye of God as the soul of my Lord or Lady Feilding (loud applause); and give me the ten thousand simple, honest Irish as a set-off against the 400 or 500 Anglican apostates; and I do not hesitate to say, that these poor Irish were the best judges, for, after all, it is to the poor that the Gospel is preached, rather than to the rich (hear, hear); and the poor have often discerned the accents of the good Shepherd from the voice of the stranger, when the learned and great have been unable to do so; and I do not doubt that these honest, simple, poor Irishmen have had more of the heavenly wisdom and teaching of the Spirit of God than ever was possessed—I speak it with all charity—by those unhappy apostates who, though they received the truth, received not the love of the truth, and for this cause God has sent them a strong delusion that they should believe a lie,—the lie, the great lie, the stupendous lie, the most monstrous lie the universe ever witnessed—the *lie of the Papacy*. (Great applause.)

My Lord, I rejoice in this institution because I look upon it as a pledge that England is not going to play false to Ireland, as Ireland has not played false to England. Protestant Ireland has never betrayed, never disappointed us; never entitled herself to anything but our love and brotherly kindness by her determined resistance to all attempts to crush the truth and trample it under foot. It is not fair to call Popish Ireland *real* Ireland. It is Protestant Ireland that is real Ireland. (Hear.) And are not our Irish brethren, the Rev. Gentlemen around me, apt and fit representatives of the Apostolic Church in Ireland? (Applause.) The Romish Church is an intruder. Popery is an exotic. Christianity came not from the Tiber. It came from heaven; and they are not true Churchmen who would drag down the Church and anchor her on the muddy banks of the Tiber—who would bring her into affinity with the Babylon below. But they are the true Churchmen who would elevate the Church into proximity to the Jerusalem above, which is free, and is the mother of us all. That is the mother Church of the true Church in Ireland. As to the Church of Rome and those who serve her, they are virtually aliens and strangers; they give their heart to Rome, however they may give their bodies to Ireland. (Hear.) Here are the true representatives of the Church of Ireland, and in Parliament the Protestant members are the only representatives of Ireland. As has been well said in one of our public newspapers, the Roman Catholic members are honourable members for Rome, and not for Ireland; they far more represent Rome than they do Ireland. (Hear, hear.) Be assured of this, that we shall smart for it, God will visit it on us, if we leave our Irish brethren in the day of their danger. They are now in the

outpost fighting our battle. It is one common cause, and we are one united Church. We must not hear of our being dis severed. No, we must bind more tightly the rose, the shamrock, and the thistle, instead of allowing them to be loosened by the fingers of any foreign usurper. (Applause.) Not for one moment should we entertain the idea of letting them be unbound. Whilst indeed, the rose has her thorns to defend herself with, and whilst the thistle has her spines to guard her against the rough grasp of the usurper, the poor shamrock has neither the one nor the other with which to defend herself shall not then the rose and the thistle weave their branches over the shamrock, and guard her and shelter her, so that neither the fangs nor the tread of the beast shall crush the fair flower that is so sweet to the smell, and so fair to the eye. (Applause.) Instead of allowing the Pope of Rome to gather one of the beautiful trio of flowers in the wreath that decks the coronet of Victoria, we will bind them yet more closely together, and annex them yet more firmly to the Crown. (Continued applause.) Can we spare him the rose? I am sure all Protestant England will say, No, not a leaf; he may have the thorns, if he will, but not a leaf of the flower. Can we spare him the thistle? I am sure the descendants of John Knox and of the noble Reformers of Scotland, will give him an answer. My friend, Mr. Colquhoun, whom I hope soon to see in Parliament, will, I am sure, answer for his native land, and for the symbol of his native land. (Applause.) Shall we, then, let him have the shamrock? No, Protestant brethren; I am sure there is not an Irishman, there is not an Englishman worthy of the name, who will let him have one leaf of the shamrock either. (Applause.) Let him keep to his own muddy swamps on the banks of the Tiber, and gather, if he pleases, the poisonous plants that flourish there. But even there no rest will we give him. We will carry our aggression into Italy itself. It is being carried thither. We have already put him on the defensive. And what is his defence? How unlike the warfare of Protestantism? It is the galley, the chain, the lash, the prison. He has issued a rescript, that whoever is found guilty of bringing into Rome, or trying to introduce thither any copy of the word of God in the Italian language, he shall be sent for four years to the galleys. (Hear, hear.) Poor, pitiful man! thou art bringing down on thyself a stone that will break thee to pieces, or rather grind thee to powder. Whoever resists God's word will inevitably perish at last by God's word; and I hail that act of the Pope's because it shows that the doom of the Papacy is nigh at hand. (Applause.) My Christian friends, we will give the Pope, by God's help, no peace as Pope. Let him come down to a plain bishop, and be a Protestant primitive bishop, such as Clement was, and then, but not till then, will we give him any peace. Till then, every soldier of the cross is pledged to implacable warfare against the system of Popery, that system which is the greatest bane of Ireland, the greatest blight of Italy, and the greatest incubus on the universal Church of Christ. (Loud applause.) I am perfectly satisfied that this institution is doing its work well. I am satisfied that England owes to it a debt of gratitude. I am satisfied that if we value our Protestant privileges and blessings, the time is come when we must sacrifice more, suffer more, labour more, love more, and pray more for them. May our Christian merchants nobly open their hearts and hands on behalf of such institutions as this; may we prove to the world that we value our Protestantism dearer than our fortunes, our liberties, or even our lives, because we believe our Protestantism in its fair, full, and legitimate import is nothing less than the glorious gospel of the grace of God. (Loud and prolonged applause.)

LORD BERNARD.—I confess, were I to consult my own feelings on the present occasion, I should have asked the Committee to entrust the seconding of this Resolution to some other gentleman on the platform; but I feel that I should be wanting in my duty, as an Irish layman, did I shrink from coming forward to bear my sincere though humble testimony to the invaluable benefit which this Society has effected, and which it is still likely to effect, if this meeting and this country generally will but give it a cordial and kind support. (Applause.) Coming from the south of Ireland, I can safely say, that if you

support this Society. a seventh branch may be added to those named in the Report from the western part of the county of Cork. (Applause.) The fact of the matter is simply this: for the last twenty years, the Irish Society has been labouring among the population of Ireland—has been teaching the people in a language which they dearly love—in a language which is the language of their affections, and the language of their fire-sides—a language in which they believe no mischief can be inculcated in their minds. They have had the sacred Scriptures, in their own language, put into their hands; and what has taken place has awakened new feelings in their minds. In addition to this, other societies have been teaching the children to read the word of God; and it now only remains for you to reap an abundant harvest from the seed which has been already sown—it only remains for you, under the Divine blessing, to send labourers into the harvest; and depend upon it, whatever to the contrary may be said, that the day is not far distant when it may be said of the whole of Ireland, as has been said by an excellent prelate in the west of Ireland, that his diocese will soon become Protestant. (Loud applause.) A reverend gentleman, who has preceded me, has alluded to what it will be our duty to do, in another place, on Monday evening, and I hope we shall be faithful to our trust. It is not in the House of Commons alone that this battle is to be fought. We may arrest the Papal aggression—we may tell the Bishop of Rome, who, claiming an authority unauthorized by Scripture, and unsupported by a tittle of ecclesiastical history, has dared to assume to himself a title which Gregory his predecessor repudiated in the Bishop of Constantinople,—who has come forward and dared to claim the title of Bishop of the Universal Church, and, in doing so, has called that Reformation, sealed by the blood of the martyred fathers of our Church, “the Anglican schism”—that glorious assertion of the all-sufficiency of holy Scripture as the sole rule of faith, “the Anglican schism,”—has called the right of private judgment “the Anglican schism,”—has called that “the Anglican schism” which our beloved sovereign is sworn to maintain,—that his claim shall not be admitted. (Applause.)

If the majority of the House of Commons fail in their duty, I believe the country is prepared to perform its duty. Whatever we do, we must look to you to come and assist us in carrying out that which alone can benefit Ireland, and in benefiting Ireland will benefit the whole kingdom. We hear it constantly said that Ireland is the statesman's difficulty. Ireland has been a clog to England. It is simply a statesman's difficulty, because he has been unable to unravel that difficulty. He attempted, in former years, by coercive measures, to restrain the violence of the people. He attempted by concessions, purchased at the sacrifice of essential principles (hear, hear), to throw oil upon the troubled waters. But he has never yet tried the simple remedy, of placing in the hands of the Irish people the word of God. Depend upon it, that all other remedies will fail. I speak as an Irish resident of that country; and I am not ashamed to say, that my only hope for her future regeneration is in the inculcation of Christian principles, and in the spread of Protestant doctrine. (Applause.) Allusion has been made to the clergy of the Established Church, and regret has been expressed that more preaching has not taken place in Ireland. I am not here to defend bygone days; but I declare, that within the last twenty years I have never seen anything equal to the self-denying exertions of the clergy of Ireland. (Applause.) They have united in visiting the sick, in administering to the temporal wants of the people in their parishes, without reference to sect or party, and they have shown in the hour of trial that they were prepared to undergo any sacrifice sooner than abandon the word of God in the Schools of their country (applause)—that they were willing to suffer the loss of what was due to their position in preferment—that they were willing to undergo the abuse, the corrupt abuse of patronage on the part of the government—that they were willing to sacrifice this, because they would not fall down and worship the image which political expediency had set up, in the shape of the National Board—a national board which has completely failed, because the Roman Catholics have, in point of fact, repudiated the doctrine of a mixed education, and have only received the money under entirely false pretences. (Hear, hear.)

In the western part of the county of Cork, the greatest field is open for the exertions of this Society ; and if I wished to occupy your time, I could mention facts quite as interesting as those which you have heard from the western part of Ireland. And, remember what difficulties we have to contend with : for, when persons have been converted, what is the machinery brought to bear against them ? It is not merely local persecution. Notwithstanding the natural feeling of the noble chairman, that the Roman Catholics were practising the toleration they preached, I am sorry to say it is very different from the real fact. At this moment, nothing can equal the quiet persecution—and, perhaps on that account, the more piercing and cruel—the exclusive dealing that is practised in Kerry. Only the other day, because some Protestants in Cork signed a petition against Papal aggression, they were persecuted, and lost their situations. There is a Society, called “The Society of St. Vincent de Paul,” that sends out and gives relief, not to those who are the most destitute—not to those who are sick and pining from want—but to those who have embraced the faith of the gospel, in the hope of bringing them back to the false religion of Rome. (Hear, hear.) It is impossible that any exertions in Ireland alone can meet the difficulty ; and, unless all classes come forward and support us, our work cannot prosper as it ought to do. There is one other circumstance connected with the late Papal aggression relating to Ireland, which is not an unimportant fact. For the first time for many years, have the Roman Catholic bishops assembled in synod, which they wish to do here. Let us ask ourselves when was it they did meet before, on a memorable occasion. In the year 1172, the synod held at Cashel abandoned the early faith of Ireland, and submitted to the Church of Rome. (Hear, hear.) I ask you now to repair the damage. It was done then through an English sovereign, and the only English sovereign who had as yet worn the triple crown—it was by that influence that Popery was brought into Ireland, and we ask you now to repair that damage, and enable us to re-establish that faith which was once committed to the saints. (Hear, hear.) Another mischief which is doing in Ireland is this. Only the other day I received, from an excellent friend in Cork, a placard which had been circulated through that city, showing the poor Roman Catholic converts the names of those in the higher positions of society, who with, I must call it, the basest treachery have betrayed the interests of the Church of England, and who continue to take the emoluments of that Church, while professing the doctrines of the Church of Rome. (Hear, hear.) That, happily, the Church in Ireland is free from. She holds the faith that was once delivered to the saints—she holds justification by faith through the alone merits of a crucified Redeemer. Let me then appeal to this meeting to come forward and help us. If on the one hand you have these perversions here, send missionaries like those employed by this Society to Ireland to preach the gospel, and depend upon it the harvest is ripe.

Shall we appeal in vain to this meeting, when we find that from Calcutta subscriptions are sent—when we find, notwithstanding all her difficulties, the Cape of Good Hope is not backward in this excellent work—when we find sympathy shown from every quarter of the world—and when even the patriarchs in the east are protesting against the assumption of the Church of Rome. (Applause.) When there is such an opening in every part of Ireland, I trust you will not leave this meeting without resolving to do all in your power to circulate the Scriptures, and proclaim the truth through the length and breadth of that country : and I hope the day is not far distant when Ireland will be restored to her earlier and purer faith. (Applause.) Had England in former years preached in Ireland that faith which she professes to believe—had she in earlier days taught the Irish people in the tongue which they love, I believe they would at this moment have been a Protestant population, coming forward as missionaries here, and going out as missionaries, when they leave their native land, to every part of the world. (Applause.) But instead of that, the policy has been to educate persons to spread false doctrines in Ireland ; for those persons whom, by parliamentary grants, you have educated as priests, are not really practising their calling in Ireland. Ireland is too poor for those who have been educated in that manner. They are going out to our colonies, and

are, unseen, spreading the leaven of Jesuitism through the large towns of this country. (Hear, hear.) Unless you reverse this policy—unless you acknowledge that Protestant England must be governed on Protestant principles, I am confident that no blessing will attend us. I have to apologise for trespassing upon your attention, but I was most anxious to bear my testimony to the incalculable benefits conferred on Ireland by this Society. (Loud applause.)

The Resolution was then put and agreed to.

The Rev. JOHN GREGG, of Trinity Church, Dublin.—My Lord, I have been requested to move the following Resolution:—

“That the continued and enlarged liberal support of Christian friends is necessary to enable the Society to sustain those additional exertions which its success, as well as the importance of the work, so clearly requires; and this Meeting would therefore pledge itself to renewed exertions to increase the number of contributors.”

In moving this resolution, I am about to *trespass* upon the time of this meeting, inasmuch as the interests of the Society have been so ably advocated, and the details of its missions so interestingly placed before you; but as I had no object in coming to London but to give my humble advocacy to the Society for Irish Church missions, I hope that I shall be excused if I detain you a little longer. (Hear, hear.) Upon a very late occasion, when my congregation had the advantage and pleasure of hearing Dr. McNeile preach, I deprived myself of the benefit of hearing that eminent and faithful man, that I might see how your missions were getting on, particularly in Galway; for, as I had the prospect of coming here, I thought I should, by so doing, be better qualified to come. I was nine days in the part of Galway where your mission is—I say *your* mission, because it is the mission of the English clergy and the English people; for it is their wisdom, under God, that planned it, and their bounty and energy that sustain it. We Irish people have nothing to do with it, except to pray that God will bless “your work and labour of love;” and we wish very anxiously to commit the colours of the English clergy and the English people to the work of Irish missions—to fling them far into the ranks of the foe—for we know well what will be the result. You English never quail in battle, you never desert your colours, and you never retreat from the field. (Applause.) I visited, upon that occasion, twenty-one schools; and in the course of nine days I examined the young people, and preached salvation twenty-three times, both in the English and Irish tongues. (Hear, hear.) In these schools there were present about 2000 children; they are your children. I don’t think I ever met more interesting young persons than some of them were. I asked them various questions. I will just mention one of them. I asked one child, “What is salvation?” He gave me a good answer. “How great is salvation?” I inquired. There was a long pause. One boy said, “It is as great as God, Sir.” How do you prove that,” said I. “God is our salvation, Sir, and therefore it is as great as God,” said he. (Applause.) I was very happy to perceive a great improvement in the appearance of the people there. I am sorry to say, that part of Ireland is not remarkable for the cleanliness of the cottages and cabins, and the neatness and tidiness of the people. But where your schools have been planted, and when they have worked for a time, there is a most remarkable change for the better, particularly amongst the young. It is well known, that the children who have very dark houses, and I am sorry to say sometimes dirty ones too, have come, hours before the school opened, that they might have the advantage of the light and cleanliness of the school, and have gone back after the school hours, to learn their lessons in the schools, for the very same reason. And even poor sick children have been seen to creep and crawl to the schools, because they are clean and comfortable.

You might wish to hear something of their honesty. It is said the English people are honest, and love honesty—I hope it is so. Formerly it was said in Connemara that you could not have anything that would not be stolen. (Laughter.) Even the very turnips, they said, were stolen. Now, nothing is stolen; it would be thought a sin and disgrace. One man said to me, “some

time ago a sheep was stolen, but very luckily," said he, "it was a Roman Catholic who stole it." (Laughter.) The Irish people are very fond of poetry. Poetry, you know, is an effort to satisfy the soul; it is an effort of the imagination to afford to the mind what nature cannot supply. Nature does not furnish things great enough, good enough, or scenes varied enough for the human mind: and fancy or imagination endeavours, by its colourings and its creations, to supply some show of greatness, and grandeur, and goodness, beyond the power of nature to bestow, so as to give some kind of satisfaction to the mind in this imperfect state of things. In Ireland, the genius of the people takes that direction; and in many a lonely valley they thus beguile their solitary hours. They ridicule, very powerfully, in Ireland; and one of the first means they resort to for counteracting the mission is ridicule. There was one man who composed a very amusing song, ridiculing and caricaturing the "Jumpers," as they call the converts. Some of the converts heard him sing the song, and when it was concluded, one of them sang an Irish hymn. The man's mind was arrested by the thoughts, and his ear pleased by the music. He became quite ashamed of his own composition. He inquired into the things which were contained in the Irish hymn, and, by God's blessing, this Irish hymn was blessed to his soul; and that man is now a convert under the teaching of the Irish Church missions, and is a poet on the right side. (Loud applause.) The good effect of the mission in many other respects also is manifest. One evening there was a very violent storm, and a Roman Catholic man went good-naturedly into a widow's house, and said to her,— "If you don't take care" (it was Sunday evening) "the roof of your house will be blown away: I would advise you to put sticks or heavy weights on the thatch, or not a straw will be left on the roof before morning." The widow's son, who was a convert, said,— "The same God that sent the storm, sent the Bible, and the Bible says, 'Remember to keep holy the Sabbath day: mother, don't break the Sabbath by doing any work before morning.'" The Romanist laughed at the idea, and said, "You won't have a roof over your heads to-morrow." The mother believed her son, and not the Romanist. He went away and worked at his own roof. Well, the storm raged, and blew and shattered many a roof to pieces. The man came, in the morning to survey, as he thought, the devastation of the widow's house, but there was not a straw disturbed upon the roof of her little cabin. (Loud applause.)

On another occasion, two Roman Catholic neighbours met and talked together. People in that country live very much by collecting sea-weed. You understand very little of that in London. Sea-weed is used as manure in many parts of Ireland. One of the Romanists said to the other, "Come with me, the tide is very far out, let us come and cut the sea-weed, we can get plenty of it now." "But," says the other, "it is Sunday evening." "Why, what of that?" "Oh, these 'Jumpers' will never give me a moment's rest if I go: they are always at me with that Bible of their's." "Oh, you fool," says the other, "never mind them." "No, no, I will not go, I could not stand them." And he did not go. But the other went, and cut a great quantity of the weed, and piled it up. He returned home, and went to bed very happy. In the morning the tide came in with great force, swept away all his piles of sea-weed, and pitched plenty on his neighbour's land, who would not cut a bit at all, because it was Sunday. (Applause.) Allow me to mention another fact. A poor Roman Catholic girl went to gather shell-fish. She was so anxiously and busily engaged, that the tide surrounded the rock on which she stood, before she was aware of it. She was exposed to great danger, and did not know how to reach the land. Some of the boys, called "Jumpers," put out a boat at considerable risk, and rescued the poor girl. One of them said, "Well, when you were on the rock, did you pray to the Virgin Mary?" "No." "Why not? Are you not a Roman Catholic?" "Yes, but I didn't pray to the Virgin Mary." "Why?" "Because one of the 'Jumpers' told me the Virgin Mary could not help me, but that the Lord Jesus could; and I prayed to the Lord Jesus to help me, and He sent two of His servants to deliver me: and there are my uncles on the shore, and they did not come to my relief. (Loud applause.)

There are seventy-five orphan boys and girls connected with the Irish Church Missions, of whom a Roman Catholic said,—“There is a sermon against which none of us can shut his ears ; we can't say anything against that.” In one of the schools we gave some bread to a poor, thin, lean-looking boy. He was like the half-starved Irishman, of whom it was said, if you brought a dozen penny rolls to him, he could open his mouth and say, “Walk in, gentlemen, there's plenty of room inside.” (Great laughter.) The poor, tall, pallid youth received the bread. I turned round for a moment to give him time to eat some, and when I looked again, the bread had disappeared. I said, “Did you gobble it up all at once ?” (Laughter.) He coloured a little, and said very modestly, “No, Sir,” and shewed it to me in his bosom. “Why do you not eat it ?” “My poor father is sick, and I wish to bring it home to him.” The hungry youth would not taste the bread, but dutifully brought it to his father. (Applause.) I visited several other schools. I had a great advantage on this occasion. Mr. Dallas was not with me : and I think it very unfair of you to be sending Mr. Dallas with me. (Laughter.) Look at the height of him ! He is a taller man than I am, a great deal : and he is also well-looking. (Continued laughter.) Nay, more : he is a military man, and my countrymen are fond of “feats of broil and battle.” And he has been telling them “of antres vast, and desert idle,”—“of moving accidents by flood and field ;” and how he *was not* taken by “the insolent foe,” and sold to slavery. (Laughter.) That is the way he has won my countrymen.

“His story was strange, was passing strange,—was pitiful, was wondrous pitiful.”

“They love him for the dangers he has passed,
And he loves them, that they did pity him.”

This is the witchcraft he has used. (Continued laughter.) Upon that occasion he was not with me. Now I ask him this question : “Were you ever at the Cleggan school ?” Oh, if you heard the cheer I got at Cleggan, because you were not there. At every place Mr. Dallas was, the cheer loud and long was given for him, and faint and feeble was the cheer for me. But I had it all to myself at Cleggan. He never was there. Oh, the Cleggan boys are the boys for me. (Laughter.) Now I'll tell you, Mr. Wilkinson, why you had such a large congregation to hear you at Oughterard. It is because they thought you an Englishman. The Connemara people are very grateful, and wish to give “cead mille faillte” to their English friends. They think every Englishman like Mr. Dallas, and as full of kindness and good humour. He is all life there, and as “full of spirit as the month of May.” Oh ! if he could speak Irish ! You talk of your English language. My countrymen compare it to a beggar's dish. Did you ever see a beggar's dish ? It is made up of scraps,—of a bit of mutton, a bit of beefsteak, a bit of bird, a bit of bacon, and a bit of anything else, all boiled up higgledy-piggledy together. (Great laughter.) That, say they, is like the English language, which is composed of a bit of Norman-French, a bit of Saxon, a scrap of Latin, and a little of other tongues. But our Irish language is indebted to no other tongue ; it is like your own sirloin of beef, all good and original throughout. (Renewed laughter.) It sounds strange to English ears, but 'tis music and melody to Irish hearts. If you plead for your life, plead in Irish, and you will not plead in vain. English is sweet to you, but not more sweet than Irish to us. England is dear to you, but not more dear than Ireland to us. You have the Bible in English, why should not we have it in Irish. Oh, that the gospel had been heard through our vallies, and were carried over our mountains in the Irish language : then should Ireland be glorious and free.

When the English language cannot reach the Irish people, the Irish language will. It is the language to touch them, for it is the language of their hearts. The singing is in Irish, and the preaching is in Irish, and the praying is in Irish, through a great part of your mission. But what do you know about the Irish language ? In Ireland it sometimes gushes and rushes, tumbling like a mountain-stream, shaking the Irish heart, as the English tongue from the lips of Mr. Stowell does the English people. Again, it is full of

strange fire, and stirs and thrills the soul. (Applause.) I went to Streamstown, where I had been once with Mr. Dallas. There are about twelve boys in the monks' school. When I was there a year ago your school had only a few—the monks had the many. It was small and insignificant then compared to what it is now ; now it is literally packed with people. I was puzzled how to get in, and when in how to get out. I could hardly find room to stand. I wonder how you English people would like the position some of the people had. There were positively five persons put up the chimney for want of room. (Laughter.) You don't understand much about Connemara chimneys. You can know very little about such things. Misery makes us acquainted with strange things. In the midst of these people stood a man, now a convert, who before that time had attempted, from bigotry, to set fire to the school-house ; and this man is now respectable, subdued, and civilized. He asked me most earnestly for a tract, which he got ; and I can tell you it was a tract, not like the charges of some of your bishops,—all powder and no shot ; it was a tract that had chain-shot in it, that went in red-hot, scorching and burning the ranks of Rome. (Applause.) I preached at Sellerna, and I tell you it is a shame for the English people to have such a multitude of persons, and such a number of fine children, and make such miserable provision for their comfort in public worship, as you do. You have not room for the children. Why should the little ones be obliged to be put out of the schools—*your schools*—or under the tables and forms, as they were, for want of room ? Here were many intelligent and good-looking young people, as much so as any here. (Laughter.) The service was partly in English and partly in Irish. The manner of the people was devotional ; they joined aloud in the responses, and praised God together in a tide of hearty Irish song. It was delightful to behold the mother with the babe, and the aged man drooping with years, coming along to the house of God. The sun shone brightly, and many a faded and care-worn cheek was lighted up, as the gospel's joyful sound reached the spirit within. Here, formerly, was nothing but dark Romanism and its Latin mass. What a blessing has been the Irish Church Mission to that part of the land !

We had a large and respectable congregation ; numbers of children were stowed away under the tables and under the forms, and every now and then a little rebel came out, and got tapped on the head to keep him quiet. Is not that unworthy of you, English ladies, and of you my brethren, the ministers of the Church ? Why will you not give us plenty of schools and plenty of room ? I saw some fine faces looking in at the windows in another place. I said, "Have you any message to the English people ?" "Yes," said they.—"What is it ?" said I. "We are out in the rain," said they, "and we want to get in." It would be worthy of English greatness to recover all Ireland and its interesting people to the service of God. You are of one blood with us : we share your thoughts, and feelings, and energies. We'll join you against the towers and the fortified holds of Rome, till you take the one and dismantle the others, and set the countless captives free. The Protestants of Ireland will join you heart and soul for truth, as they have joined you on the common battle-field of Europe for liberty and life ; they will join with you for the liberty of the gospel and the glory of God. Thousands will join you for freedom of conscience and freedom of truth. They will contend to the death for liberty to think, to read, and to pray—to pray to God as poor and guilty, yet pardoned and sanctified sinners in Jesus ; worthless and wicked by nature, yet pardoned and accepted, and to be glorified for ever and ever in "the Beloved." Will you, then, as God has given you ingress—an open door in Ireland—will you pray and preach, and persevere, till truth shall triumph, and Ireland be free ? (Loud applause.) They are curious people in Connemara. It is a very cunning thing of you English people to select Connemara : there you find some of the tallest people in Ireland. There is what is called the "Joyce country,"—and some of the men look like giants. They have most curious notions, and more curious practices, there. I wish some of the Tractarian clergy—so Romish outside, and more Romish inside, with such sleek hair, and looking so harmless—would imitate them. Out some of the clergy walk, sometimes at 10, or 11, or 12 o'clock at night. And what kind of light have they ? They

have a sod of turf lighted, the sparks streaming in the air ; and on they go, looking for poor sinners, the sheep of Christ. They are often drenched with rain, and tumble into the water. "And what do you do," said I, "when you fall into the holes?" "Oh," said they, "we get up and shake ourselves, like water-dogs, and then go on again." (Laughter.) I wonder how the Tractarians would like that! They would much rather be bowing to crosses, or having the people bowing to them—looking down on the profane laics, and they devoutly looking up to them. Some of the people in that country have curious notions. Every fish they call a "trout." One day I saw a man walking along the road, and such a figure as he was! He had a huge fish—the head came over his shoulders, the body hung down his back, and the tail was under his arm. He looked the picture of measureless content, as if he would kiss the head of his "trout." (Laughter.) They have large ideas. If a whale is cast ashore, they call it a "trout." (Continued laughter.) But yet they are a warm-hearted people, with high heart and hope, and right loyal to Protestant truth. After a conversation with one of them, a priest said, "Oh, these abominable Jumpers! I met one, and she sent a pang through me, that went from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet. She said 'We'll drive all your sort out of the country with the Bible.'" (Applause.) The Bible is the thing that the Church of Rome dreads. Anything for her but the Bible. She "loved darkness rather than light, because her deeds are evil." She cannot live with the Bible, and we cannot live without it. You may offer Cardinal Wiseman and all the Romish priests in England—you may offer to the Tractarians, who are as like Romish priests as one egg is like another—(hear, hear, and laughter)—you may offer them, with my compliments, if you like—you may offer them, the whole host of them, through England, Ireland, and Scotland, through Europe, Asia, Africa, and America—you may offer them (and I will make the offer good) £40,000 to any Roman Catholic bishop, priest, monk, nun, friar, or tractarian on the face of the earth, if they will produce a single copy of the Roman Catholic rule of faith, as laid down in the notes of their Bible, and in Dr. Milner's "End of Controversy." You may offer them the same sum for the church's interpretation of any book of the Bible, any chapter of the Bible, any half chapter of the Bible, or even of the shortest Psalm (the 117th), which consists of only two verses. They will not let men interpret the Bible privately, and they will not give them the public interpretation. They are fond of money—they can now have a good sum. I offer them 40,000*l.* for their rule of faith, and their church's interpretation of the Word of God. They have it not. There are many curiosities in the Crystal Palace, but that would be a greater curiosity than anything there. It does not exist on the face of the earth ; and to see a thing that has no existence would be a curious thing indeed. (Laughter.) The Roman Catholic Church has no rule of faith, and no interpretation of Scripture. Let them produce the one or the other, and the money will be theirs. The only condition upon which you can be a Catholic (say they), is that you surrender, unconditionally, your reason and your judgment to what they call "the Catholic"—by which they mean the "Roman" Catholic Church. Now do you know what are some of the conditions? Here are "the grounds of the Catholic doctrine contained in the profession of faith, published by Pope Pius the IVth, and now in use for the reception of converts into the church, by way of question and answer." One article is,—*"I most steadfastly admit and embrace apostolical and ecclesiastical tradition, and all other observances and constitutions of the same Church,"*—the Roman Catholic Church.

Now, hear what they say of the Bible. "I also," do they say? "most steadfastly embrace" No—"I also admit"—*admit!*—"the holy Scriptures according to that sense, which our holy mother the Church has held, and does hold ; to which it belongs to judge of the true sense and interpretation of the Scriptures: neither will I ever take and interpret them otherwise than according to the unanimous consent of the Fathers." Well! I offer them 40,000*l.* for "the unanimous consent of the Fathers on any books of the Bible." Put that down. And they won't interpret the holy Scriptures without that unanimous consent." It never did exist, and therefore, the Church of

Rome, by this, altogether takes away the Scriptures. She *admits Scripture*.—wonderful condescension!—and most steadfastly embraces tradition, which she thinks her friend. Hear another condition. The essence, the heart of the Roman Catholic religion is “the mass.” Put that down. The heart of the mass is transubstantiation. The meaning of transubstantiation is, when the priest says certain words, the thing that was bread goes away, and the thing that was wine goes away. There’s no bread there any longer, and no wine. What is there in their stead? The whole body, the whole blood, and the whole soul (as well as divinity) of the most perfect man. Now you know what a man is. You know the size of a man. You know the colour of a man. You know the weight of a man. But this has neither the size, colour, nor weight of a man; but only the size, colour and weight of a bit of bread. You cannot, says the Church of Rome, you cannot be received into the Roman Catholic Church, or be a *Catholic*, unless you believe this doctrine. This, against sense, reason and Scripture, they call the Catholic religion: from such religion may the Lord deliver you. When you receive and believe this, common sense will leave you, and we will welcome her to Ireland. She has left already many in Oxford, Cambridge, and London, and Exeter,—but not Exeter Hall. (Loud applause.) The last thing I saw advertised in Dublin,—what think you it was? The only controversialist the Church of Rome possesses in Dublin, was going to preach on the Bishop of Exeter’s charge, and to prove Romanism (I suppose) reasonable, from what his Lordship states. The charge, he thought fitted him exactly, as a marble does a schoolboy’s knuckle. (Laughter.) It must be a charge of powder without shot. He would not preach on Latimer’s sermons, or the Bishop of Cashel’s charge. Oh, no, he would not touch those, for fear they would sting him. (Loud applause.)

To return to Connemara. I went to Salruck. There had been a heavy fall of rain. The mountain stream was swollen and covered the stones,

“Tumbling down, the burn came down, and roared from bank to brae.”

I asked how I could get across. There was a pony. I was not used to riding, but I was obliged to get on the back of the pony, and dash in. When I was returning, the pony was gone. One of the converts said, “Get upon my back.” Now, don’t tell it to any body, but I did get upon his back, and he waded through, shoes and stockings on. We had such singing, and praying, and preaching through those mountains, that if the world was forgetting us, the world was forgot. How they did sing—

“ Oh, may we love the Bible!
For which the martyrs died,
And spread the glorious truth of God,
Wherever men reside;
It tells the dying how to live,
When time has passed away,
And walk with God in robes of light,
Through realms of endless day.

Oh, may we love the Bible!
And shun the crafty tongue
That would this treasure take away,
And leave our souls undone,
That would consign immortal minds
To gloom of endless night;
May we ‘maintain the truth in love’—
And ‘God defend the right.’ ”

That is sung through Connemara by 2000 children. (Loud applause.) There is a school under your invaluable superintendent Hyacinth Darcy, Esq., in which are seventy-eight girls. Many of them sang very sweetly. They have received notice to quit that school on the 4th of May. These seventy-eight girls can work well, and can sing well. They look happy, and they delighted in the school. They are to be turned away from that endeared spot, and know

not where to go. The excellent lady, Miss Darcy, who founded the school, states that 40*l.* would build a school-house large enough to preserve that interesting group. (Applause.) Forty pounds will build a school-house—a pound each from forty ladies, and the work is done. Who'll have the honour of giving the first pound? (Applause and laughter.) Now, I ask, are you in this country (as the Pope expects) going to become Roman Catholics! (No, no,) Then, if not, blessings for ever on your heads. There is not an argument of the Church of Rome worth a straw in the west of Ireland, but the argument that they derive from English people going over to Romanism. It is not the strength of reasoning in the Romish Church; it is not the learning of the Church of Rome that has made converts; the 'rot' has been in the Church of England herself. Show us a controversy in any chapel, or on any platform, or anywhere else, in which the Church of Rome has been victorious. Our fathers, in the seventeenth century, beat them in argument and in scripture; but, if there is treachery in the camp, what can we do? Some of the bishops have been, and are, rotten to their hearts' core. Their charges are rotten. They never knew the gospel, they never preached the gospel, and they do not preach the gospel. Some dignitaries of the Church are rotten, and they do not preach the gospel. Some rectors are rotten. (A hiss from the back of the platform.) Hiss, if you like. Not all the bishops—I know that as well as you. Not all the rectors; not all the curates; but some of them. (Applause.)

It is not by argument—we defy them in argument; it is not by scripture—we defy them in scripture; it is not by antiquity—we defy them in antiquity,—that they have succeeded in making converts to the Church of Rome. (Applause.) Let them show us their 'rule of faith,'—there is argument. Let them show us the interpretation of the Church—there is argument. Let them show us the body and blood of Christ—there is argument. Let them show us that the Virgin Mary is the refuge of sinners—there is argument. O, English people! what a debt of gratitude you owe to the Tractarians. They would take away your English Bible and your English prayers, and give you instead a Latin mass. Instead of "To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgivenesses, though we have rebelled against Him," you will hear, "*Introibo ad altarem Dei*," and the ringing of bells. You will look to the crucifix instead of the Crucified, and depend upon "old wives' fables" instead of "the blood of the Lamb." If Tractarianism continue—you will hear the priest order you to go to confession, instead of "Dearly beloved brethren, the scripture moveth us in sundry places to acknowledge and confess our manifold sins and wickedness." If Tractarianism prevails, you must confess to the "blessed apostles, Peter and Paul, the blessed Mary ever Virgin, the blessed John the Baptist," instead of "Almighty and merciful Father, we have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep." And this they call catholicity; Christianity. From such catholicity, from such Christianity, the good Lord deliver us. (Loud applause.) Now everything is pictorial. Look at their pictorial preachers; their pictorial windows—rich windows that exclude the light; and the passages in their sermons that lead to nothing. Look at their pictorial Bibles, their pictorial Prayer-books, their pictorial dresses—aye, and their pictorial churches;—as if we were all children. Leave pictures for babies; but reason, and knowledge, and truth, are the sturdy material for men. It is their object to intone the services of our Church, that they should as much as possible resemble the Popish mass—to make the table of the Lord like the Popish altar. Their preachers take good care, when you go into the Romish chapels, that you shall hear nothing worse than before. The doctrines are exactly alike. (Applause.) There have gone out in Ireland mortal and merciless foes to Romanism,—common sense and the common gospel; and they will trample and tread down everything that stands in their way. We ask you, are you going to bow down your manly necks, your freeborn spirits, to the old shackles of superstition and slavery, forged in the dark days before the Reformation, but which we trusted the polemic arms of our forefathers had shattered to atoms? Blessed be God! common sense and the common gospel are going out in Ireland, and if they be but sustained and have free course, they will break the talisman of the Roman enchantress to pieces; and her sorcery,

and witchcraft, and incantations, will vanish for ever. (Applause.) My brethren, God has given us reason : let us use it. We have the Bible : let us search it. We have the gospel : let us believe it. There are Romish priests in Ireland who formerly did not preach at all, but who are willing to preach now, if they could get any one to hear them. They are willing to work their lying miracles, if they could get any one to believe them ; and to thunder out curses, if they could get any one to dread them. But, thanks be to God for His mercy, the gospel has made a change. (Applause.) I say, then, help on the work in Ireland. You blame us, the Irish clergy, for not doing more in Ireland than we have done. What can the bravest troops do in the battlefield, without good commanders ! If an ignorant, undisciplined man, was placed at their head, would not defeat and ruin be the result ? Give us right bishops ; give us right leaders, that will head us in battle, and will not frown upon us when we "testify the gospel of the grace of God"—men who will stand by us as a general will stand by his army in the day of conflict, and the hotter the fire, and the fiercer the fight, will make the more conspicuous his white plume, and exhibit a more manly bearing in the face of the foe. (Loud applause.) Will you retire from this conflict ? May God deliver you from such a disgrace. Your truest wisdom is, to fear the Lord and do His will. You have the gospel and all its blessings—"freely ye have received, freely give." In Ireland we have many wants, but our greatest is the want of the gospel. Thousands of our people say to you, "Come over and help us." Romanists talk of liberty, and pretend to adore her. She spurns them from her foot ; from her classic pedestal she frowns with indignation upon such hollow and heartless worshippers. Show me the meeting which was held by Roman Catholics in Ireland, to sympathise with the poor Italians, when they were struggling for liberty. Show me, when they met, that they might have an open Bible, and a conscience free. They want to shackle your reason, and trample on your liberty, and silence your press—they want to make it speak in courtly accents—the accents of the Church—that Church which would keep safely the conscience of the Queen, and the conscience of her ministers, because she would not have any conscience of her own. Oh ! how you ought to strew the streets of London with flowers, when Cardinal Wiseman comes down to visit the good citizens, and says, "I and the Queen,"—*ego et rex meus*.

English people ! we ask you to come forward and aid this glorious work. We have thousands of children for our schools, and thousands of worshippers for our churches. We want places of worship, and we want schools. We want help in our work ; and should you ever be caught in the meshes of the great hunter of souls, the Irish people, particularly those who receive the gospel, will be thankful to perform the part of the grateful mouse, and gnaw those toils, and set the lordly lion free. (Applause.) We like to see the English lion stalking over the broad and fertile plains. We like to see his noble mane, and the lash of his magnificent tail. We like to hear the roar that makes the forest resound and the welkin ring. The British lion roars to protect the virtue and the worth of the English nation, the English maid, the virtuous, honoured maid ! the loved sister, the cherished daughter, from the priest in the confessional, instilling his immorality as well as his heresy into the English mind, so that when he has the mother he may have the daughter—when he has the wife he may have the husband—when he has the sister he may have the brother ; and by means of the weaker vessel obtain the power which he always covets, to make Rome, not what she was in the days of Augustus—a city of marble—but a city of gold ; and this he will do, if he can frequently get his 80,000*l.* from English girls in nunneries, who say they do not want to be married, but wish to retire from the world. (Loud applause.) One of the evangelical vows, according to the Church of Rome, is perpetual poverty. She says, "Give up everything you have : it is a bad thing for you—it is a good thing for me." (Hear, hear.) That is the trick of Romanism ; and the poor unsuspecting people shut their eyes, and think it is all right. False religion, all the world over, makes men bend their eyes to the ground : but man was made to look upward, and straightforward, and not crooked to the earth. Another mark of false religion

is to retire from your family—to cease to be, or refuse to be, fathers, and mothers, and brothers, and sisters, and go from society into solitude and gloom, into forests, and mountains, and caves of the earth. That was the religion of the heathen. Jesus retired to think and to pray. But he came out again and mingled with society; and He, who is the model man, lived amongst men, to the honour of God, and for the benefit of humanity. (Loud applause.) We should not discard common sense, common reason, or common scripture; and tens of thousands are finding that out in Ireland. They have been long enough kept in the dark, and they say, “Why did you leave us so long in it?” I trust God will send down on your souls rich blessings for what you have done for Ireland. As you expect forgiveness from God, through Jesus Christ, and as you love the gospel, O send it to my countrymen. They are a warm-hearted, a grateful, and many of them a gifted people. You have listened patiently to the least worthy of them, and I hope you will yet have among you some of those persons who have been brought out from Rome, that you may hear from their mouths their horror and detestation of Romanism, and their love of the “Gospel of the grace of God.” (The rev. gentleman resumed his seat amidst great applause.)

The Rev. R. BICKERSTETH seconded the resolution, which was agreed to, and the proceedings terminated with the doxology.

Annual subscriptions and donations to the SOCIETY FOR IRISH CHURCH MISSIONS will be received by the Treasurer, John Dean Paul, Esq., at Messrs. Strahan, Paul, and Co.'s, Strand; at Messrs. Williams, Deacon, and Co.'s, Birchin-lane; at Messrs. Herries, Farquhar, and Co.'s, St. James's-street; and by Messrs. Hatchard and Son, Piccadilly; Messrs. Seeley, Fleet-street and Hanover-street; and Messrs. Nisbet and Co., Berners-street. Communications are requested to be addressed to the Assistant-Secretary, John Knott, Esq., No. 14, Exeter Hall, London.

